

# HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1927.

## *News of the Mill Villages*

### KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

**A Wonderful Sunday School. Death of Mrs. Minnie Stout. Several Cases of Typhoid Fever. Former Pastor Visits Friends. Personals.**

The Epworth League of Grace M. E. church, went on a picnic Saturday afternoon to Irene Park, at Gaffney. The boys furnished conveyances and the girls the supper; they reported a nice time.

This is study week at the First Baptist church; all teachers are supposed to attend. The books studied are on Departmental Work. The pastor, Rev. C. J. Black, is working for one of the best Sunday Schools in the State and he never gives up until he finishes what he begins. There are more than seven hundred enrolled, with a good attendance. The aim is one thousand. There are more than 50 officers and teachers. Mr. G. G. Page is the general superintendent and he is another worker as well as hustler.

Mr. John Pless and family, of Canton, N. C., are expected this week to visit his brother, the Rev. W. H. Pless, for a few days. Rev. Pless will accompany him to Winston-Salem, on business. Mr. Avery Hutchins, has moved back to the Cora Mill after living at Whitnel, N. C., for several months.

Mrs. G. B. Berry, has been on the sick list for the past week but is improving at this writing.

Mrs. Minnie Stout, died in a Charlotte hospital Saturday after an illness of several weeks. The body was brought here Sunday for burial in Mountain Rest Cemetery, beside that of her husband who preceded her several years ago. For some five or six years, she has lived here with her two small children who survive her. She was a member of one of Kings Mountains oldest families, being a daughter of the late Thomas Payne. Besides her two children, Carroll and Sarah, she is survived by several sisters and

brothers, most of them residents of Charlotte.

Mr. Z. F. Cranford, superintendent of the Dilling Mill, went on a business trip to Philadelphia last week.

Miss Myra Hartsoe visited her sister in Gastonia, a few days last week.

Misses Louise and Janette Beam, of Charlotte, visited their grandmother, Mrs. Lillie Beam, at the "Old Mill" last week.

We are sorry to note that there are several cases of typhoid fever at the Cora Mill. Among those who have it are Mrs. Horn and daughter, Mrs. Geneva Wood, Norman Roper, and Mrs. Floyd Bullendar.

Mr. J. R. Young and family of Winston-Salem, have been visiting friends here for a few days. Mr. Young was formerly superintendent of the Phenix Mills here.

Mr. Z. F. Cranford went to Albemarle on business Saturday.

Mr. M. L. Conner and family, visited Mr. D. J. Gardner, in Gastonia, Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. B. A. Culp and daughters, Helen and Lucille, of Asheville, and Rev. and Mrs. Hoyt Young, of Lynchburg, Va., were guests of Mrs. Culp's sister, Mrs. D. C. Payseur, last week. Rev. Culp was pastor of Grace M. E. church for about twelve years and has a lot of friends here who were glad to see him back.

Messrs. Baxter Payseur, Glenn Payseur, Floyd Payne and Boyd Putnam, spent part of the week at Wilmington and Wrightsville Beach.

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Chaney and children left Thursday for their home in Chattanooga, Tenn., after visiting relatives here and in other parts of the State for the last six weeks.

Miss Bertha Laughter has returned to her home at the Cora Mill, after spending the summer with her home-folks at Clairmont, N. C.

Rev. M. C. Connor, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church and family, left Monday for Colfax, to spend two weeks in Camp meeting and conference.

Miss Lunette Odom and Mr. Willie England of the Dilling Mill entered Boiling Springs High School, last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Wilson, of the Pauline Mill, spent Wednesday evening in Gastonia with their infant son, J. U. who is taking treatment in the Oothapedic hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hammette, of Gastonia, have been visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Gantt.

Mrs. Hulda Goforth is spending some time with Mrs. B. P. Jenkins on church street. M. L. G.

### AVONDALE, N. C.

**Annual Award of Prizes For Best Gardens and Prettiest Yards.**

This is a branch of Cliffside Mills, with Chas. Haynes of Cliffside, president, and M. Hendrick, of Cliffside, superintendent.

Avondale justly deserves the name given it "The Garden Town of the County," and it seems that the people here never expect to let any other section win that name away from them.

The judges, Mrs. H. L. Robinson and B. E. Roach of Cliffside, and Mrs. B. P. Freeman of Avondale, reported a great improvement over 1926, though at that time, little improvement was thought possible.

It is small wonder that Mr. Z. O. Jenkins, treasurer of Cliffside Mills, made such a success of presiding. Who wouldn't feel elated and happy to stand up on such a beautifully decorated stage, with decorations everywhere out in front and all around?

Avondale ladies truly did themselves proud in that astounding array of gorgeous cut flowers and potted plants.

Professor F. S. Hall, principal of Avondale school made a pleasing address. Avondale band, lead by C. M. Collins (who is in charge of Cliffside band also) rendered several

(Continued on Page 4)

## Becky Ann's Own Page

### VISITIN' EUROPE "BY PROXY"

"By Proxy" is sumthin' another feller duz fur you. So, we bin a visitin' Europe by proxy—Mr. David Clark bein' the "proxy" an' payin' all expenses, an' we bin enjoyin' that trip bi readin' his adventures an' so on in THE BULLETIN. We shore wuz disappointed 'cause last paper didn't have nuthin' about that trip, an' hope he'll give us a dubble portion in the next.

His descriphshun of "one hour of hell," as he wuz crossin' the English Channel durin' a storm wuz so vivid we cud jest SEE them folks sprawl-in' about the deck holdin' with a deth grip to them yaller bowls which caught the revolt frum sick tummys!

He sed folks didn't give a happy how they sot or lay ner nuthin', so if a man's shirt DID crawl over his belt he didn't keer; an' if a woman's bloomers DID show she didn't keer neether. An' believe us, the pickter we got "by proxy" of that boat ride shorely wuz a dozen screams, an' better'n anything we see in comic supplements.

An' we ain't a bit surprised now about so meny Americans goin' to Europe, since Mr. Clark told us about them "side boards" an' the "little nip" offered to visitors. Everybody over here knows Mr. Clark has allers bin on the water wagin; an' he STAYED on that same wagin tuther side, custom or no custom,—so he says—tho we allers bin told "when in Rome, one should do like the Romans."

If Mrs. Clark hadn't bin erlong, we'd be wonderin' how Mr. Clark knowed that them purty Paris dress models (rale flesh an' blud) all wore "sheer cotton hose" stiddy silk ones. Maybe Mrs. Clark found out about that an' informed him. Anyhow we shore air glad that Paris sez COTTON HOSE AIR THE STILE, 'cause we need sum of them things an' can't afford silk nohow. Goin' to see if any of them "sheer cottons" air in Charlotte. One jest es well be ded as outen stile.

We air wonderin' sum erbout that place fur "men only," which he jest did manshun; he must have lost his notes about that, so we don't know whether he tuck a peep er not. Jest wonderin'.

It shore is fine to have a proxy to do things you can't do yourself. We have in sum instances thought that overseers wuz proxies fur the superintendent, an' run the mill fur him; or sumtimes, the second hand is a proxy fur the overseer; but if the overseers an' second hands git wise to the fact, they git fired!

Well, it's a long time to wate fur next BULLETIN an' more of that

"Visitin' Europe." But lissen!

I got a nice private offis nol fur from Mr. Clark's sanctum, an' ef I do steal an' read his copy before it gets to the press,—if I git caught I'll tell him to blame it on hisself fur makin' the thing so interestin'!

### WIMMIN'S TONGUES

It shore is a pity that sum wimmin don't have bobbed tungs, er sumthin', to stop em frum pumpin' pizen.

Sum wimmin actilly tawk erbout their husbands to rank strangers, but continner to cook fur em an' sleep with em!

There's wimmin an' wimmin—same as there's men an' men. (Meanin' that there's all kinds—frum the pashnut, long-sufferin', to the impashnut, an-hard-to-please kind—ov both speshees.)

Sum wimmin air all smiles an' sweetnin, when their men is drawin' good fat weekly pay tickets an' lets em do all the spendin' of it. But when these same men git outen work, or have jest enuff to pay fur rations an' none fur dressin' an' splurgin, then some wimmin air worse to live with than wild cats, an' their claws air allers in evidence.

They air nuthin but "fair wether wives," with no feelin' ner sympathy fur a poor feller in hard luck, when he's already worried to deth if he don't say much, an' is needin' all the incurrigement he can git.

Tain't no wonder that sum men go away frum home to hunt "sympathetic understandin'," when they air nagged to deth at home, an' can't git a kind wurd ner a decently served meal.

An' law sakes! Wimmin can say sich hard unforgettable things—an' think nuthin' about it two minites later. Things that air like knives twistin' in a tortured hart. Fur instance:

"I got along a lot better before I ever tied up with you! I worked an' made my own money—more than you air makin', an' if you can't do better I'm goin' to git out an' work for myself agin! I'm tired of this mess!"

And maybe the pore desperate man goes out an' borrows or steals sum money to buy a fine hat er furs for his wife, hopin' to have a little peace if she gets the thing she's wantin' so bad. But next day it's the same old nag, nag, nag, an' with a lump in his throat an' a ake in his heart, the pore man tries to find a better job, but looks so wild eyed an' haggard that he gits turned down everywhere, for people "don't like his looks."

An' hit's all so useless—so uncalled for—this pizen tung waggin'

that braks harts, ruins homes an' kills love ferever; for, love can be wounded unto deth,—an' then it can't be revived—never in this world.

Many a woman, an' man too, says things they don't raly mean deep down in their harts—but words that sting and burn have a lasting effect, an' make scars that can't never be erased.

All anybody needs is sumthin' to eat, an' ware, an' a shelter an' bed. I shore wood hate to be rich, an' be worried to deth fur fear robbers would steal my belongin's,—or I'd have to pay incum tax, an' a lot of other tax. Besides, the Bible says it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter heaven."

The only way to be happy, is to do ones best, an' then make the best of results.

An' above all, to "bridle the tung" an' see that it does not hurt ones best loved ones, by pizen complaints an' reproaches.

### CLIFFSIDE, N. C.

Prizes Given For Best Gardens. The Sixteenth Annual Affair The Best in History

For sixteen years, Cliffside Mills have been giving prizes for best gardens, and the recent annual event was the most elaborate ever staged in Cliffside Hall.

The Boy Scouts, assisted by Miss Willie Carpenter and Mrs. J. C. Hames, had charge of decorations. The potted plants were lovely beyond description; the stage decorations were truly artistic, and the entire affair was inspirational and pleasing, the large hall packed to full capacity.

Z. O. Jenkins, treasurer, Cliffside Mills, was master of ceremonies and those who know him know how gracefully and efficiently he can preside over and direct such affairs. B. E. Roach and Mrs. R. H. Robinson of Cliffside and Mrs. P. B. Freeman, of Avondale, were the splendid and impartial judges.

Mr. P. B. Caldwell, superintendent of Cliffside schools, made an appropriate and able address, stressing the beauty of co-operation as exemplified in the schools and throughout the village.

Mr. B. E. Roach came next, and enumerated the findings of the committee, commenting on conditions, etc. There were various other features.

Cliffside band, directed by C. M. Collins, made wonderfully fine music all along. By the way,—our band needs a special write-up all to itself—and then we could not do it



justice. But it is fine, and we are all proud of it. In fact, we have so much to be proud of here.

#### Prize Winners.

"The Sun," had quite an accurate line up of prize winners, as follows:

First-Prize: Mrs. J. Y. Padgett.

Second Prizes: Mrs. George Pruett, Mrs. G. C. Shuford and Mrs. G. K. Moore.

Third prizes: Mrs. Hester Carpenter, Mrs. J. E. Jones, Mrs. J. P. Carpenter, Mrs. O. G. Moorehead and Mrs. G. L. Goforth.

Fourth prizes: Mrs. A. T. Robinson, Mrs. R. H. Jackson, Mrs. Carrie Hardin, Mrs. R. C. Smith and Mrs. B. E. McCurry.

Fifth prizes: Mrs. L. G. Garvin, Mrs. N. L. Harris, Mrs. C. L. Rhymmer, Mrs. O. C. Blanton, Mrs. Coran Padgett, Mrs. William B. Wilson, Mrs. L. S. Higgins, Mrs. J. R. Packard, Mrs. W. M. Washburn, Mrs. O. R. Hardin, Mrs. D. C. Colvin, Mrs. C. D. Hughes and Miss Macie Bridges.

Sixth prizes: Mrs. P. C. Hawkins, Mrs. S. L. Thompson, Mrs. J. L. Rhinehardt, Mrs. J. C. Carpenter, Mrs. L. W. McKinney, Mrs. G. B. Hill, Mrs. O. T. Crawley, Mrs. Frank Atkinson, Mrs. Joe McKinney, Mrs. Monroe Bridges, Mrs. Z. V. Hudgins, Mrs. C. T. Greene, Mrs. W. A. Rhymmer, Mrs. J. H. Condry, Mrs. R. L. Pruett, Mrs. D. C. Splawn, Mrs. M. E. Horne, Mrs. J. W. Padgett, Mrs. G. R. Waters and Mrs. R. L. Sparks.

Seventh prizes: Mrs. J. J. Frye, Mrs. D. C. Whitaker, Mrs. J. R. Hord, Mrs. M. W. Martin, Mrs. R. B. Watkins, Mrs. B. L. Davidson, Mrs. W. P. Carpenter, Mrs. Boyce Bridges, Mrs. Bob Watkins, Mrs. Frank Hamrick, Mrs. Sally Scruggs, Mrs. J. R. Norville, Mrs. Lizzie Goode, Mrs. T. L. Blanton, Mrs. Katie Keeter, Mrs. D. W. Cauchy, Mrs. G. S. Bridges, Mrs. Eva Hamrick, Mrs. W. S. McSwain, Mrs. Dewey McDaniel, Mrs. Rayburn, Mrs. T. M. Crow, Mrs. Newell Pearson, Mrs. Syd White, Mrs. C. S. Greene, Mrs. D. W. Jones, Mrs. P. D. Winn, Mrs. H. E. Parris, Mrs. G. P. McMurry, Mrs. A. L. Campbell, Mrs. D. T. Freeman, Mrs. M. C. Blanton, Mrs. Q. W. Lemmons, Mrs. George Blanton, Mrs. Chester Scruggs, Mrs. B. F. Biggerstaff and Miss Myrtle Crowder.

Eighth prizes: Mrs. D. T. Bridges, Mrs. J. C. Hames, Mrs. Bessie Hensley, Mrs. Luther Campbell, Mrs. Charles McCurry, Mrs. W. W. Winn, Mrs. M. W. Heckard, Mrs. G. C. Martin, Mrs. John L. Scruggs, Mrs. Gary Moore, Mrs. J. S. Atchley, Mrs. John Hardin, Mrs. Cecil Bridges, Mrs. Scott Goode, Mrs. Odie Lanraster, Mrs. W. T. Grady, Mrs. M. B. Whitaker, Mrs. J. Q. Starey, Mrs. A. L. Harrill, Mrs. J. E. Nanney, Mrs. C. D. Scruggs, Mrs. R. Y. Brackett, Mrs. H. G. Womick, Mrs. J. F. Clayton, Mrs. R. A. McDaniel, Mrs. Luke Brooks, Mrs. C. H. Whitesides, Mrs.

Geneva Jones, Mrs. J. L. Harris, Mrs. Roy Greene, Mrs. June Thrift, Mrs. N. W. Hames, Mrs. D. S. Greene, Mrs. B. L. Thrift, Mrs. Ed McSwain, Mrs. Herbert Packard, Mrs. L. E. Jones, Mrs. Horace Scruggs, Mrs. I. B. Camp, Mrs. C. Splawn, Mrs. W. T. Lookadoo, Mrs. C. E. Daggerhardt, Mrs. Lee Putman, Mrs. G. R. Connor, Mrs. J. D. Melton, Mrs. A. B. Johnson, Mrs. Fred Greene, Mrs. J. C. Fisher, Mrs. H. C. Aldrige, Mrs. J. G. Paris, Mrs. H. P. Elders, Mrs. W. B. Padgett, Mrs. Guy Frye, Mrs. J. F. Atkinson, Mrs. J. W. Wise, Mrs. E. C. Brooks, Mrs. George Fox, Mrs. J. F. Dinean, Mrs. W. A. Henson, Mrs. E. H. Callahan, Mrs. Effa Ruppe and Miss Callie Crawley.

#### SHANNON, GA.

#### Southern Brighton Mills — "The Home of Good Cheer and Friendly Smiles."

We had another good game of ball here Saturday, with the Anchor-Duck Club of Rome, and won to the tune of 8 to 1. We couldn't help winning, with such a live determined team, and several hundred rooters to keep 'em moving.

We have two more games to play this season. Saturday Sept. 3rd, we will play Aragon here and the following Saturday will play the same team at Aragon. We are confidently expecting to win both games, but you never can tell you know.

#### A New Church

Here is the very best news yet. A real nice new church will be erected within the next few weeks, — a present from the company, and not a dollar asked from the operatives. I am one who believes in Sunday school and church, and with the fine people we have in this community am sure that we will have excellent attendance and support. "Aunt Becky" you just don't know how thankful we are for a good progressive agent like our Mr. Morgan. When he says a thing we can depend on it, and that church is sure and certain.

#### Looking For The President

We are looking for our president and vice-president soon, and we are always glad to see them, for they have a sunny smile for everyone, from the sweeper all the way through the mill, and for the truckers and everybody else on the outside.

We are getting fine production these days; broke all records last week, — going beyond what our superintendent expected or hoped, which is "going some," as Mr. Rambow is always looking for more and better yarn. Our agent is to give us a big banquet Wednesday night and we are going to save our own rations and loosen our belts for

that occasion. Thank you Mr. Morgan. The banquet will be for superintendents, overseers and second hands.

#### What We Know About Strikes

"Aunt Becky," I am sorry to see that there is a strike on at one of the mill towns in North Carolina. If those people could know what I know and have seen at a mill right here in Georgia a few years ago, they would be done with strikes forever.

I saw women and children barefooted and half clothed in the dead of winter. The Union had a store near the mill, and doled out a little mite of rations just as I'd measure it out for my dog. "That is all you get today," they would be told; They got one stick of cord wood per day for each tent. At one time during the strike three or four families would live in a four-room house.

In the wind up, the union got tired of their duties and a man and woman from New England came down and took charge, and one morning the people waked up and found that the man and woman had gone, taking with them all the money in the treasury, leaving the people nothing but the "Union."

The city decided they didn't care to feed and clothe these people and they had to leave town, and they had mighty hard times finding jobs.

#### Shannon School.

Our school started with 200 pupils—a bunch of fine, healthy boys and girls, and we are proud of every one of them.

When I went to school, I walked five miles; schiols started at 8 a. m. and stopped at 4 p. m., then I had five miles to walk again.

Our teacher had about 75 boys and girls of all ages, in different classes, —all in one room. The house was open and cold—nothing to compare with the sorriest schoolhouse of today.

Children now are carried to and from school in a nice closed bus; they have comfortable seats and desks, nice warm separate rooms, and a teacher for each grade. What a wonderful change!

I am glad from the bottom of my heart, that things are better for my child than I had when a lad.

SHANNON.

#### Thanks, Doc.

A farmer rushed up to the home of a doctor in the village late one night and asked him to come at once to a distant farmhouse. The doctor hitched up his horse and they drove furiously to the farmer's home. Upon their arrival the farmer asked: "How much is your fee, doctor?" "Three dollars," said the physician in surprise. "Here you are," handing over the money; "the blamed liveryman wanted \$5 to drive me home."

## CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

**Pastor Called Back**

LaGrange, Ga.—Rev. W. P. Cofield, formerly pastor of South West LaGrange Baptist church for many years, but who resigned four years ago, has been unanimously recalled to that pastorate. He began his work again among the people who have known and loved him so long, September 4th. A large congregation welcomed him.

**Baptized Sitting in Chair.**

Mill Springs, N. C., Route 1.—J. W. Parker, 82 years of age, joined Big Level Baptist church during a recent revival, and being too feeble to be baptized in the usual way, was carried through the ceremony seated in a chair. After this very impressive scene, a large membership extended to Mr. Parker, the hand of fellowship. It is very seldom that anyone over 40 or 50 years of age, makes preparation for the great beyond.

**Three Hundred Attend W. M. U. Meeting.**

Bostic, N. C.—Delegates from the Baptist churches of Caroleen, Cliffside, Cherokee Creek, Concord, Ellenboro, Forest City, Florence, Greens Creek, Rutherfordton, Henrietta, Haynes Memorial, High Shoals, Holly Springs, Mt. Pleasant, Race Path, Sandy Run, Spindale, Spencer and Sulphur Springs, met in Bostic for the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Union of Sandy Run Baptist Association. A banner is given each year to the Missionary Society having greatest increase in members and it was won by Bostic this year, which gained from fourteen to thirty-one members. A fine dinner was served by the ladies of Bostic, which truly demonstrated the fine hospitality of the town in general and will be talked of in complimentary terms for a long time to come. The meeting will be at Alexander next year, and though it hardly seems possible, we are hoping for a still greater meeting.

**Mill Girl With Severed Artery Gets Prompt First Aid From A Fifteen-Year Old Boy Scout.**

Consternation reigned in Dixon Mill, Gastonia, N. C., when in lowering a steel window sash during a wind storm, Miss Lizzie Queen had the misfortune to sever an artery in one of her arms.

She saw her danger at once and called for help, but none of the operatives seemed to know what to do. Thurman Lee Richie, 15-year-old son of Plato Richie, the mill superintendent, happened along just in time, and put to quick practice the things learned in Boy Scout work, grabbed a spool of tape, made

a tourniquet of a bobbin, and soon stopped the terrible flow of blood. He is a member of Troup 10, East Gastonia, and will be made an Eagle Scout next year.

**Old Paper Describes North Carolina Giant.**

This generation probably is unaware that North Carolina produced the biggest giant in history. These facts were brought out in a copy of the Chester Reporter of June, 1877, which T. J. Robbins, veteran Chester county mail carrier tells of.

The article describes Miles Darden, a native of North Carolina, who was born in 1798 and died in Tennessee in 1857 at the age of fifty-eight. He was 7 feet 6 inches high, and in 1846 weighed 842 pounds, and at his death eleven years later 4,000 pounds. In 1833 his coat was buttoned around three men each weighing more than 200 pounds who walked across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it required thirteen and one-half yards of cloth one yard wide to tailor Mr. Darden a coat.—The News Herald (Morganton).

**GREENSBORO, N. C.****Pomona Mills**

Mrs. R. H. Higgins gave a surprise birthday party for her two charming daughters, Misses Helen and Geneva, recently, that was voted a social success by those attending.

Kenley Garner smashed one of his fingers a few days ago. What he said at that time has not been reported.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Lovelace, of Winston-Salem, were recent guests of Mrs. S. A. Marley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Murphy of Valdese, were recent week-end visitors in Pomona, with Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Lineberger.

Mr. Geo. Cresswell of White Oak, visited in the home of Mr. W. H. Marley.

The Woman's Class of the Baptist church, met with Mrs. J. A. Brown last Thursday evening, spending a very helpful and happy hour together.

Mrs. C. L. Sisk was called to Bessemer City a few days ago to the bedside of a sick relative.

**White Oak Mill News.**

Misses Hancie, Gartha and Virginia Pitchford have returned from a visit to friends in Victoria and Norfolk, Va.

Mr. W. H. Thompson has been visiting friends in Lexington.

Little Dick Harper, had a wonderful party in honor of his fourth birthday, and entertained a large number of his little friends, assisted by his mother and several other ladies.

Ed Capps, who has been quite ill for some time at his home on 17th street does not improve.

The Baby Clinic held the regular weekly meeting at the Community building, Wednesday.

Mrs. Council Gordon and daughter, Miss Peggy, of Greensboro, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Callum.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Harris, of Bessemer City, were recent visitors in the home of Mrs. R. C. Hunnycutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallar Harper visited in Reidsville, a few days ago.

READER.

**AVONDALE, N. C.**

(Continued from Page 1)

numbers, much to the delight of the large gathering.

**Names of Prize Winners.**

(Clipped from The Sun)

First prizes: Mrs. T. A. Biggerstaff, Mrs. D. E. Hawkins, Mrs. J. B. Frye and Mrs. I. N. Biggerstaff. Usually there is only one first prize, but the Committee felt that there was no way out but to give each one a first prize.

Second prizes: Mrs. C. L. Christy, Mrs. G. L. Champion, Mrs. E. W. Huskey and Mrs. George Philbeck.

Third prizes: Mrs. Joe S. Hawkins, Mrs. J. B. Hawkins and Mrs. C. C. Kiser.

Fourth prizes: Mrs. W. L. Belue, Mrs. Bate Morehead, Mrs. S. J. Crawley and Mrs. M. J. Wilkerson.

Fifth prizes: Mrs. B. J. Crawley, Mrs. T. D. Martin, Mrs. V. M. Abernethy and Mrs. J. L. Upton.

Sixth prizes: Mrs. L. O. Williams, Mrs. Joe Gault, Mrs. J. L. Hawkins, Mrs. J. T. Womick, Mrs. J. W. Henson, Mrs. Earl Harrill and Mrs. R. M. Maxey.

Seventh prizes: Mrs. F. H. Hamrick, Mrs. D. C. Harrill, Mrs. R. W. Womick, Mrs. Z. V. Metcalf, Mrs. C. M. Bailey and Mrs. R. C. Smith.

Eighth prizes: Mrs. D. W. Smith, Mrs. R. L. Calton, Mrs. C. E. Smith, Mrs. R. R. Freeman, Mrs. O. S. Butler, Mrs. Bate Womick, Mrs. John Ward, Miss Bessie Hawkins, Mrs. E. Y. Harrill, Mrs. A. D. Wilson, Mrs. John Gilbert, Mrs. Lizzie Hollified, Mrs. Pantha Ray, Mrs. G. B. Bailey, Mrs. H. C. Roach, Mrs. A. W. Harrill, Mrs. S. A. Thomas, Mrs. F. Y. Cantrell, Mrs. Rich Greenway, Mrs. A. F. Mitchell, Mrs. Ed Honeycutt, Mrs. J. E. Hill, Mrs. C. A. Wall, Mrs. Briscoe Butler, Mrs. T. E. Smith, Mrs. G. I. McSwain, Mrs. F. M. Melton, Mrs. C. E. Smart, Mr. J. N. Goode and Miss Joe Nanney.

**A Prohibition Argument.**

The stewed one was vainly trying to find the keyhole; for an hour he had been poking and couldn't find it. A passerby, seeing his predicament, said, "Say, old chap, you can't open the door with that; it's a cigar." The pickled one looked at the object in his hand and stammered, "Hully gee, mushta smoked my latchkey!" —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



# DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"Well," said Granny, "I won't tell Lou nothin' less'n I have to. I don't mind beatin' around the bush, but I can't tell a straight-out, bang-up lie."

Mrs. Grim smiled. What difference could there be in a 'round-about, and straight-out lie, she wondered. But she did not argue further with Granny, who put on her bonnet, fastened the shawl about her shoulders, over one of John's old coats she was wearing, and took her departure, as Mrs. Grim warned her:

"If Lou asks you about your shawl, you can tell her that Santa came to you at my house. That won't be a thing but bang-up truth!"

When Granny got home she found Lou just coming in. She had missed the family and had started to Mrs. Black's to investigate, saw John in the buggy with the Sheriff; heard his singing, saw and heard the Sheriff order him to "shut-up," and knew that he was under arrest. And here the twins appeared on the scene, full of eager curiosity:

"What did pa do, Granny? Did Mrs. Grim beat him up? She said one time she would get him some day, if he didn't mind. We hope she did. Where is he, Granny?"

"I see!" exclaimed Lou, her face flushing angrily as she turned to Granny, who began to "beat around the bush," not noticing Lou.

"No honey, she never done nothin' to him; he went on off with somebody in a buggy."

"I saw," snarled Lou, "and I now understand. That saint and you had him arrested. You just wait—I'll attend to her!"

## CHAPTER XX

"What you goin' to do, Lou?" questioned Granny. What do you mean?" uneasily.

"Do you think I'm a darned fool?" raved Lou. I saw who John was with and I know just what happened. She and you had him arrested. Be ashamed! And it Christmas!"

"Me and Mrs. Grim never done no sich a thing. We never left the room from the time John come in till he left," declared Granny.

"You lie!" hissed Lou. "You just wait till I get John home. He shall know what a snake in the grass you are! You hypocrite! You're a nice, Christian mother,—sending your only child to jail to spend Christmas. Oh, you and old lady Grim, nice, prayful Sunday saints—"

"Stop fussin' at Granny!" cried Albert.

"Stop it!" stormed Alfred,—both half crying, clinging to the trembling, frightened old woman and facing Lou angrily.

"You little devils had better keep a still tongue in your

## They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

## Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

## Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

## Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

### Courthouse Justice.

Four years ago I sold Bill Jones a mule for \$105.00. I knew the mule was worth more money than that. In fact, I paid \$400.00 for her in 1920, but I always thought that mule had more sense than I had. Bill gave me a mortgage on the said mule but did not pay anything down. I had the mortgage recorded, and expected Bill to pay me in November, but he didn't. I had looked for him in January, but he didn't show up. February and March came and went and no Bill darkened my door with any hundred and five dollars. Then I began to yearn for my property.

Well, I decided just to send down and get my mule; so I sent, but Bill wouldn't let the man have her. I then took out claim and delivery papers for old "Beck," but with all my claiming Bill didn't do any delivering. He gave bond for the mule, and hired a lawyer, and then I hired me one. I sued for the collections of the note, Bill answered that he did not owe me anything, and the case went to court.

Bill was sick when the case first came up, and it was put off, but Bill was plowing my mule right on, and preparing to grow another crop. Three months later, my case went on docket. My lawyer asked me for \$50 retainers fee, so I borrowed it and kept him retained. I hunted up 6 witnesses; 2 ready to swear that they witnessed the trade between me and Bill, and that it was fair, 2 more claimed that they had heard Bill say that he bought the mule from me, and the other 2 swore they wouldn't believe Bill on oath, so I seemed pretty well witnessed.

The case came up for trial in 1926. Bill had been using my mule 3 years without pay, and was still using her. The jury was picked at last. It looked like I had a pretty good chance. Bill filed in with about 35 witnesses, and my mouth began to get very dry. His lawyer didn't like me a bit and I knew it. (He owed me for a ton of coal that was 8 months past due). So far, I was out only \$50.00, but the State had spent about \$455.50 for jurors, deputies, witnesses and judges.

I was the first witness. I told the truth. My other witnesses told the truth too. We swore and swore and swore. Bill's "testimony givers" paraded up and began to kiss the Bible. They testified that they saw Bill pay me for my mule 2 years before, and that the mule Bill bought from me was not my mule at all, and that the mule he now owned had been in his possession 8 years. I never heard such swearing in my life and it seemed to please Bill and his lawyer a great deal.

The judge finally charged the jury. This was the first time some of that bunch ever had a chance to run a charge account. Then my lawyer spoke 30 minutes. I could feel little

(Continued on Next Page)

heads," she snarled, "or I'll slap daylight out of you."

"Do it!" dared Albert, drawing his knife.

"Do it!" challenged Alfred, also drawing a like weapon, their eyes snapping angrily. "Try it, an' we'll put some daylight into you," they cried.

"Fools! fools! Your father shall know this!" she stormed. "Oh yes, we'll have a nice jubilee before this thing's over. You all started it, but we'll see who ends it." And with quick, uncertain steps, she turned and started out, her features distorted, eyes flashing furiously, and thin lips drawn tightly over the snuff-discolored teeth. At the door she turned and laughed shrilly:

"I'll be back directly with satisfactory knowledge concerning a certain subject—namely, Mrs. Grim's beautiful braids of yellow hair. Are they true or false? I'll see!"

"Lou! for your own sake, don't go there!—please don't go," pleaded Granny, her voice breaking in a sob. "You'll wish you'd listened to me—oh, you'll be sorry if you go!" warned Granny. Mrs. Grim hain't bothered you. Stop an' I'll tell you the truth. She never sent for the Sheriff he was a passin'—an'—come in. Stop, for God's sake, Lou! You're goin' to make things worse'n what they are, —worse on John, an' worse on all of us."

But Lou did not pay any attention to Granny. Across the muddy half-frozen fields she went, muttering vile oaths and imprecations, her hands clenched with the intensity of her hate, for the woman whose godly life made Lou despise herself. She had heard John speak admiringly of Mrs. Grim, and knew that he thought of her as one set apart from the common crowd. She felt that Mrs. Grim only tolerated for Mrs. Grim's coolness toward her, and as is always the case, instead of acknowledging herself in the wrong, she placed the blame on her neighbor. Susie was out in the yard, saw the woman coming and ran into the house, her eyes round with apprehension.

"Mother—that awful Lou Elgricel is coming—and she's mad as a wet hen! I can tell by the way she walks."

"Very well. Susie, I may have to say some things to her that you should not hear. Go into the kitchen, and polish the glassware. Stay there till she's gone.

"But mother—you may need me!" began Susie, hesitating.

"Go right on Susie," came the firm command; and, without reply, Susie vanished obediently. Mrs. Grim never said one thing to Susie and meant another.

"Lord be with and guide me," was the prayer in her heart as she opened the door in response to Lou's impatient knock.

"Come right in Mrs.—Lou," she said cheerily. Lou stepped in, her eyes closed to mere slits, as she gazed into Mrs. Grim's calm unruffled countenance.

"I've noticed you never have called me by any name except my first," she said, in a low angry tone. "Why?" Mrs. Grim offered her a chair and tried to evade the question by saying something about the Christmas season.

"Answer my question," demanded Lou, ignoring the chair.



"It isn't at all necessary;—you know the reason," replied Mrs. Grim, evenly, returning Lou's gaze, till the woman's eyes shifted uneasily. "It will be well for you to evade that subject if others do not press it."

"What do you mean?" asked Lou between clinched teeth.

"Exactly what I say. For Granny's sake, and those poor children, I'd hate to stir up a stink;—though if you insist, I can oblige you."

Lou's brain, befogged by whiskey, began to function; she knew she had ventured on thin ice, and that a careless step would be her ruin. She tried to regain mastery of herself.

"I—I don't understand you," she stammered, in a cool, hard voice. "I came here to see what my husband had done, that you should have him arrested. I saw the Sheriff taking him in."

"John Elgricel," replied Mrs. Grim, with sarcastic inflection of voice and cutting emphasis on his last name,—"John Elgricel—I presume you refer to him,—came here drunk and abusive; the Sheriff was passing, came in and obligingly took him away."

"What's the indictment? Are you going to appear against him? Remember, it's Christmas. If you are the Christian you pretend to be, you won't let him be locked up away from his family on Christmas Day."

"Hadn't he better stay there in safety than to get killed or kill somebody?"

"I can manage him—I'm not afraid of him! You help me get him out. John's never been locked up like this before. We've got to get him out before he gets sober and realizes what's been done to him, or hell'll be to pay when he does get out," excitedly.

"Please be careful of your language. No, Mrs. Lou, I won't raise my finger to get him out," declared Mrs. Grim firmly. "I'm afraid of him,—and what my husband is likely to do to him. If he's never been locked up before it's not because he hasn't deserved it. If I had my way every drunkard in the state would be locked up and worked by the Government at hard labor, and all they earned above actual keep, should be paid to their neglected and abused families. And that's not all; if I had my way every man and woman living a life of sin and shame, posing before the public as decent, law abiding citizens, would be publicly branded for what they are! Men would not abuse and forsake their wives or drive them from home, and then be allowed to live in adultery with others."

"Children would not be born into the world cursed with the sins of immoral ancestors. Present laws would be enforced, and more laws made—if I had my way—to protect our homes from sin and shame and disgrace that are fast wrecking the foundations of Christian America. If I had my way—"

"Say!" I didn't come here to hear a sermon. I came to get the truth about—my husband! I see you don't intend to tell me, so I'm going now to get him. I've got

## NOBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Preceding Page)

wings pushing their way thru my shoulders. He certainly said nice things about me, but Bill's lawyer got up, and pointed his finger at me, and told the jury that they knew I was trying to beat Bill out of that mule because he was a poor man, and that I was so crooked I had to screw myself out of bed. He lambasted me for 1 hour. I felt like an escaped convict. I wished I had never seen Bill or old "Beck" either. The jury had a mistrial. Bill still has my mule, and seems perfectly satisfied. The case is coming up again next month.

## FRIES, VA.

Washington Mills Correspondent Writes Interestingly of That Community—Fine Y. M. C. A., Schools and Churches—Community Fair Next Month.

The Washington Mills, located here in Southwest Virginia in Grayson county, have been running steadily since 1903. We have 1,706 Model E Draper looms, making plain cloth of various weights and constructions. Power is derived from the New River, which is obtained by water wheel mechanical drive, and also electrical units, which are tied in with the Appalachian Electric Power Company, so that we have a "give and take" exchange of electric power when the water is low.

The main offices of our mill company are at Winston-Salem. The resident manager is Mr. J. Thorp; superintendent, J. W. Bolton; carder, D. J. Whitaker; spinner, G. E. Jennings; master mechanic, J. W. White; weaver, J. I. Whitaker; cloth room, Ernest A. Robinson. All these men have been here for from 15 to 25 years and are well up on their respective duties.

We have an excellent Y. M. C. A., which is located about the center of the town, supervised by Secretary E. J. Baker, who has a standard rating from the Industrial "Y" Class of the State and General Y. M. C. A. Council of America. Provision is also made in this building for girls and women's club work and all kinds of social activities sponsored by the several classes in our two thriving Sunday schools, one Methodist and one Missionary Baptist. Just now we are planning a Community Fair, and if "Aunt Becky" wants us to we will try and tell something about it when it comes off in October.

Our High School is located in a new sixty thousand dollar building, which is pronounced by experts in the educational department of our State to be modern in every respect. We have between four and five hundred pupils in the graded and high school combined.

We like the Home Section of the Bulletin fine. We often see familiar names from several mill communities printed therein, and will be very glad to send an occasional chronicle of our local doings to help out; we know there are hundreds of folks scattered about who from time to time would like to hear from the old home town.

Here's wishing every reader good luck, and, "Aunt Becky," tell Mr. Clark to hurry along with his historical account of his European visit. Am glad to know he doesn't indulge in "Scotch and soda." Why not get Mrs. Clark to tell us in the Home Section some of her observations on her trip?

GEORGIA CRACKER.

**GASTONIA, N. C.****Smyre News.**

The Busy Bee Club met at the Community House Monday night, August 29th, for their weekly meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Jennie Gilbert; vice-president, Lillian Baker; secretary, Moma Joy; treasurer, Gertrude Joy; corresponding secretary, Fossie McCarn; recording secretary, Olivia Rabb.

The Community House Playground has been divided into four parts and consists of two tennis courts and two croquet courts. Much interest is being shown by the boys and girls of the community in these games and from the time the playground is opened in the afternoon until late in the evening, a large number can be found taking part in the exercise, which means much to them after the day's work.

Prof. A. C. Warlick, of the Ranlo School, conducted the morning service of Smyre M. E. Church Sunday morning and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking him for the service he rendered in the absence of the pastor, who preached at Dilworth M. E. Church in Charlotte Sunday morning.

**Personals.**

Mr. George Queen left Saturday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown spent the weekend in Union, S. C.

Miss Grace Hinsley is visiting Mrs. R. H. Brown this week.

Misses Flossie McCarn and Olivia Rabb visited Misses Elizabeth and Thelma Hubbard, of Belmont.

Mrs. Daisy Joy and daughter, Gertrude, attended Camp Meeting Sunday.

Miss Estelle Connor, of Shelby, who formerly lived here, was a visitor to Miss Nell Ewing for the week-end.

Mrs. S. J. Rabb spent a few days with her mother, who is very sick, at her home near Lincolnton.

Mr. Grady Joy and friend, Mr. Fred Lockridge, spent last week with Mrs. Daisy Joy and family.

Mrs. L. H. Metcalf spent the latter part of last week with her mother, Mrs. S. J. Rabb.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Loftin, Mrs. Bertha Black and Mrs. Bream Rabb were visitors in Dallas Monday night in the home of Mr. J. F. Shives, who is very sick.

Miss Mae Collette spent Saturday afternoon in Belmont.

Mr. Wyrick King, Misses Gwendolyn and Mabel Joy spent Saturday evening in Belmont visiting friends.

Leonard, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrell Bagwell, is recovering nicely from an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Lillian Baker spent Sunday afternoon with her friend, Miss Evelyn Webb, of Lowell.

Mr. P. L. Hastings was called to Cleveland county Monday on account of the death of his brother, Mr. William Hastings.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Martin, on August 24th, a daughter.

MRS. D.

**PREACHER BOOTLEGS TO PAY WIFE.**

Birmingham, Ala.—Rev. S. F. Wooten, pastor of a Baptist church at Catro Mountain, was arrested for bootlegging. Thirty-eight gallons of liquor were found in his home. He and his wife are separated, and he said he had to do something to raise \$85.00 per month alimony. He is at liberty under bond.

the money,—and money always talks!" pulling a fat roll from her stocking and shaking it at Mrs. Grim.

"You are going to let John Elgricel stay where he is!" said Mrs. Grim firmly.

"I won't!"

"You will. Don't force my hand, woman!"

"Force nothing! What can you do?" Mrs. Grim bit her lips, and then said very frankly, slowly and with quiet dignity:

"If you were really John Elgricel's wife, I'd never tell you; but he tried to force vile kisses on me, if you must know.

"You are a liar!" screamed Lou, beside herself with jealous fury, her hands like cat's claws flashing out threateningly. Mrs. Grim well knew that so long as she kept herself under control, there was no danger. She continued calmly, ignoring Lou's outburst:

"Listen to me, Lou; there's no sense in your actions and attitude. What do you suppose will happen if you force me to tell that? My husband will kill John—or John will kill him. If you don't let him stay where he is till he gets sober and has time to seriously reflect, none of us will see a moment's peace—and things will happen that will be very unpleasant for you—as well as him. Oh, how can you and him live as you do,—defying God Almighty,—going to eternal ruin as fast as the wheels of time can move! How can you scorn a blessed Savior who died for you? It's not too late! Repent, and forsake your sins, and He will pardon you—cleanse every stain and make your soul pure and spotless!"

"Save your breath," snarled Lou. "I'm as good as you are any day! I'm not trying to take other folk's husbands—but I could do it all right, all right,—and if you fool with me I'll show you!"

Mrs. Grim stepped across the floor to the door, opened it, and turned to Lou, her voice low and even, yet every word cutting like a lash:

"I'm sure you are wanted at home, and that you are in a great hurry to go," her eyes compelling Lou forward and urging her out in a silence that was strangely irresistible.

Lou slunk out without a word, humiliated, angry and afraid,—every motion acknowledging defeat.

On the porch she turned and half apologized: "Don't pay no attention to anything I said—I didn't mean it,—I was just worried to death." Mrs. Grim made no answer, but stood, framed in the doorway, a beautiful, self-controlled Nemesis, unfathomable depths in her eyes and an unruffled smile upon her lips.

Lou took in the picture of that healthy, rosy-cheeked, perfect figure neatly dressed in the dark blue gingham with white collar, her wonderous golden hair braided and coiled about her shapely head, and contrasted it with her own sallow features and untidy self, growing more and more dissatisfied and rebellious. As she wended her way home, she scowled darkly and muttered:

(Continued Next Week.)